

## Col. Grant's Report of the Storming of Fredericksburg Heights.

CAMP IN THE FIELD,  
May 14, 1863.

Peter T. Washburn, Adjutant and Inspector  
General.

SIR:—In my account of the part taken by the Vermont troops in the storming of the heights of Fredericksburg, I promised to furnish further particulars. The rush of events that followed, and a constant employment of time since, must be my excuse for the delay.

The brigade crossed the river on the evening of the 21st inst., and rested on its arms for a few hours. Long before light on the morning of the 31st inst., the head of the column was moving up the Bowling Green road into Fredericksburg. Then the action commenced. Newton's division and the Light Brigade occupied the streets of Fredericksburg. This division, Gen. Howe commanding, occupied the Bowling Green road, just outside and on the left of Fredericksburg, its right resting on a creek which flows into the Rappahannock immediately on the left of Fredericksburg.

Commanding Fredericksburg are two ranges of hills. The lower range, or Mayre's hill, is on the right of the creek and just in the rear of Fredericksburg. The higher or principal range of hills is to the left of the creek and immediately in front of the position occupied by this brigade. Between the Bowling Green road and the base of the principal hills, is an open plain nearly a mile in extent through which passes a railroad. Nearly parallel with the railroad were rifle pits; in these rifle pits and behind the railroad were posted rebel infantry. The entire plain was commanded by the enemy's guns upon the principal range of hills. It was determined that Newton's division and the Light Brigade should storm the lower range, or Mayre's hill, from the streets of Fredericksburg. An attack in our immediate front was also planned, which was to be made at the same time of Newton's attack on the right. It was designed to drive the enemy from the railroad and rifle pits, to assist Newton's attack on the right, and, if possible, to take the principal heights. The plan of our attack was in two lines of battle of these regiments each. The 33d New York, 7th Maine and 21st New Jersey regiments from Niles's brigade, constituted the first line. The 6th Vermont, 26th New Jersey and 2d Vermont, from this brigade, constituted the second line, and they arranged from right to left in the order above named, the right of the 6th Vermont resting on the creek. The attack of Newton on the right was the signal for our attack. It commenced about 11 A.M. The lines started over the plain at a double quick in splendid style, the rebels opening at the same time all their batteries on the principal heights, pouring a terrible fire upon the advancing lines; but on they went, driving the rebels before them. Having gained possession of the railroad and rifle pits, the 33d New York and 7th Maine bore to the right, crossed the creek and gained the extreme left of the lower range. The 6th Vt. followed the 33d N. Y., and was the second regiment that gained the heights of Mayre's Hill. What became of the 21st New Jersey regiment at this juncture I am unable to say. The 26th N. J. and 2d Vt. now constituted the principal line advancing across the plain directly towards the principal heights. The enemy's batteries concentrated their fire full upon us. The 26th broke and in some confusion bore to the left, getting partially in front of the 2d Vermont.

I immediately ordered the 2d by the right flank, and led it to the right and front near the creek, gaining a steep bank, where the regiment was protected from the shower of shell and canister thrown from the hill. Here we halted and the men took breath. At the command the regiment moved forward again, up the bank and hill, gaining a deep ditch or rifle-pit. Here we halted again and sent forward two companies as skirmishers. Seeing a regiment down the creek near Mayre's hill, I dispatched an aid to urge it forward. It proved to be the 33d N. Y., Col. Taylor, who came forward at the word. As soon as the 33d had arrived within supporting distance, I ordered the 2d Vt. forward. The regiment bounded forward charged up the hill and drove the rebels from their works in great confusion. We were now in possession of their works on the right of the principal heights.

The rebels rallied on a swell of ground a short distance beyond and opened fire on the 2d, which was returned in earnest. Col. Taylor now came up and taking a position on the right of the 2d, went into the engagement. The 7th Maine, Lt. Col. Conner, came gallantly to our support. At once assumed command of the regiment and threw it into the engagement. The rebels were completely routed and driven from this portion of the heights.

While this was going on the 3d Vt., Col. Seaver, the 4th Vt., Col. Stoughton, the 3th Vt., Lt. Col. Lewis, advanced across the plain and scaled the heights further to the left. As soon as the 3d Vt. had gained the heights an infantry force beyond opened upon them. Col. Seaver immediately returned the fire. The 4th and 5th Vt., and 21st N. J. soon came up and the rebels were driven from that portion of the heights. The 6th Vt., Col. Barney, was retained on Mayre's hill, by order of the General from Newton's Division, who had gained that range, and sent to the front as skirmishers.

This was the way the heights of Fredericksburg were carried, and this was the part taken by the Vermont troops in that brilliant achievement.  
L. A. GRANT.  
Col., Com'g Brigade.

## Prison Reflections on the Chancellorsville Fight.

LIBBY PRISON, Richmond, Va., May 11.

Richmond is jubilant over the great victory the South has gained, the tremendous thrashing the chivalry has given "the best army on the planet," though to be sure their joy is fringed with mourning to-day over the funeral services of their hero, Jackson. Doubtless a great many reasons are given for our most disgraceful and disastrous defeat. There is only one real reason, and that is the simplest possible. Our army didn't fight as well as that of our enemies. We had every possible advantage. Our numbers more than doubled their's until Longstreet came up, which didn't then bring their forces up to 100,000 to oppose our 130,000. Indeed, it would now seem that Longstreet didn't come up at all. We had the advantage of position, and no inconsiderable amount of entrenchment. Gen. Hooker's plan was admirably arranged and excellently carried out, until the fighting took place. He exposed himself in the hottest places of danger, and set an electrifying example of heroism to the whole army. The terrible loss of life among our generals shows that on the whole they were not found wanting at their posts of duty. We had men enough, well enough equipped, and well enough posted, to have devoured the ragged, imperfectly armed and equipped host of our enemies from off the face of the earth. Their artillery horses are poor, starved frames of beasts, tied on to their carriages and caissons with odds and ends of rope and strips of rawhide. Their supply and ammunition trains look like a congregation of all the crippled California emigrant trains that ever escaped of the desert out of the clutches of the rampaging Comanche Indians. The men are ill-dressed, ill-equipped and ill-provided, a set of ragamuffins that a man is ashamed to be seen among, even when he is a prisoner and can't help it. And yet they have beaten us fairly, beaten us all to pieces, beaten us so easily that we are objects of contempt even to their commonest private soldiers, with no shirts to hang out of the holes in their pantaloons, and cartridge boxes tied round their waists with strands of ropes. I say they beat us easily, for there hasn't been much of a fight up here on the bank of the Rappahannock after all, the newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding. There was an awful noise, for I heard it. There was a tremendous amount of powder exploded, for I saw the smoke of it ascend up to heaven. There was a vast amount of running done "faced by the rear rank," but I cannot learn that there was in any part of the fight very much real fighting. I have seen men from every part of the ground brought over, men from almost every division of the army, and have inquired diligently after every vestige of conflict, and not one of them all had seen a great deal of spirited fighting, though a good many had heard a vast amount of it. The particular brigade or regiment or company of each man was captured because the enemy appeared in vast numbers on their flank or in their rear. They didn't fight much because they were so unfortunately situated or surrounded that there wasn't any use in resisting. I never heard of so much cross firing and enfilading fire, and fire in the rear, in all the histories of battles with which I am acquainted. Do you point to the 20,000 of the killed and wounded, 15,000 or 20,000 on our side, as evidence of the desperateness of the encounter? I tell you that when men get up and run out of their rifle pits and breastworks like a flock of sheep, instead of staying in and defending them, not only they deserve to be shot but as an actual matter of fact they do get hit and killed about four-fold what would be hurt if they did their soldierly duty like men.

Am I saying things that oughtn't to be spoken out of school? That had better be smoothed over and explained away? I'm not certain about that. I think people ought to understand somewhere about the truth lies and I do not think soldiers ought to be eulogized and told that men never fought more gallantly on the face of the earth and the victory would have been theirs if their officers hadn't mismanaged, when as a matter of fact their officers gallantly did their duty and were left to be killed or captured on the field because their men turned tail and ran away from them—mind, I do not mean to say that this was very generally the case in the late battle. But I do mean to say that according to my best information and belief the 11th corps of our army, attacked by an inferior force of the enemy, gave way with only a shadow of resistance and ran out of their entrenchments like a parcel of frightened deer, thus making a great gap in our grand line of battle and disconnecting all our good arrangements, and opening the way for the disasters that followed. And from all I can learn the 12th corps didn't do much better, and though a very large portion of the army did their duty very fairly, I have yet to learn of any considerable body of troops that displayed that real gallantry and determination to win which only can restore a losing battle and atone for the disgraceful flight of cowards and pariahs. I know of whole regiments and brigades, long and heavy lines of battle, that gave way before lines of the enemy so thin and straggling as hardly to be considered more than skirmishers. I saw regiments after regiments and brigade after brigade of those corps I have mentioned come pouring back through our reserves till they covered acres and acres of ground, enough to have made a stand against the rebels in Virginia, and only breaking our lines and telling such cock and bull stories of being cut to pieces in front and being surrounded and

## attacked in the rear as carried evidence of their absurdity on the very face of them, till I could have cried for shame and grief to be obliged to acknowledge myself as belonging to the same army.

Still in spite of all I have said, it is by no means the truth that our men are a parcel of cowards and poltroons. They are as brave as the average of people—quite as brave as our enemies are. But we don't fight in such a common-sense way as they do. Shall I tell you how one of our lines of battle engaged? They go in in fine style, steadily, in a good line and without any flinching, halt at what is held to be a desirable point, and at the command commence firing, standing, kneeling or lying down, as may be ordered. Then, as in all their previous training they have been taught to load and fire as rapidly as possible, three or four times a minute, they go into the business with all fury, every man vying with his neighbor as to the number of cartridges he can ram into his piece and spit out of it. The smoke arises in a minute or two so you can see nothing where to aim. The noise is deafening and confusing to the last degree. The impression gets around of a tremendous conflict going on. The trees in the vicinity suffer sorely and the clouds a good deal. By-and-by the guns get heated and won't go off and the cartridges begin to give out. The men have become tired with their furious exertions and the excitement and din of their own firing, and without knowing anything about the effect produced upon the enemy, very likely having scarcely had one glimpse of the enemy at all, begin to think they have fought about enough and it is nearly time to retire. Meanwhile the enemy, lying quietly a hundred or two yards in front, crouching on the ground or behind trees, answer our fire very leisurely, as they get a chance for a good aim, about one shot to our 300, hitting about as many as we do, and waiting for the wild tornado of ammunition to pass over their heads, and when our burst of fighting is pretty much over they have only commenced. They probably rise and advance on us with one of their unearthly yells as they see our fire slacken. Our boys, finding that the enemy has survived such an avalanche of fire as we have rolled upon him, conclude he must be invincible and being pretty much out of ammunition, retire. Now if I had charge of a regiment or brigade, I'd put every man in the guard house who could be proved to have fired more than twenty rounds in any one battle. I wouldn't let them carry more than their cartridge-box full (30 rounds), and have them understand that that was meant to last them pretty much through a campaign, and in every possible way endeavor to banish the Chinese style of fighting with a big noise and smoke, and imitate rather the backwoods style of our opponents.

Whenever we chose to defeat the armies of the rebels, we can do so, and we don't need 500,000 more men to do it with either. There are men enough in Hooker's army now to march straight through to Richmond. Too many men are only an encumbrance. There isn't the general living who has the ability to manage properly, certainly, more than a hundred thousand men. All we have to do is to make up our minds not to run before an equal number of the enemy, to keep cool and save our ammunition to shoot something besides trees with, and when the means fail we don't run away they will. Meanwhile, till I am able to return and effect in our army this change in their method of fighting, I have the honor to assure you that these brown coated fellows are not so bad as they might be, but they don't furnish us any sugar to put in our coffee, nor yet any coffee to put sugar in.

Yours faithfully,  
DUNN BROWNE.

## U. S. Sanitary Commission.

FROM THE SCENE OF BATTLE.

The dispatches from the head-quarters of the Sanitary Commission, call on us for supplies of dried fruit, "till called to stop them." Will not Vermont remember this special want of the temporary hospitals, near the battle-field? The more costly edibles are furnished from the cities.

Another dispatch says, "Our whole stock of supplies will melt away in a single day." Let it be remembered that the National Sanitary Commission is the only agency authorized by Government; the only agency that can reach our men in the most critical moment, that of actual battle, when wounded men die for want of stimulants, food and care. Is there a mother, wife or sister, is there a woman who is not ready to minister to the necessities of this fearful hour—who would not rejoice to cast the feather's weight that may turn the balance for life or death?

All supplies now forwarded will, at once, reach the scene of suffering. Every individual will understand that our sufferers in Virginia never can have too much done for them. Compute the wants of one sick or wounded man, and multiply the amount by many hundreds, and then let the imagination add the aggregate of woes yet undeveloped by the Rappahannock and Richmond, and we shall realize the glorious work in which we of Vermont may have a part.

Sent boxes, &c., as freight, addressed, Brig. Gen. Davis, Quartermaster General, Brattleboro, Vt., for N. E. W. A. A. They will be forwarded without delay, at the expense of the State.

In behalf of the N. E. Women's Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission.

Gen. Hooker's disparagement of General McClellan has him open to a good many hard hits now. A wicked wag says his late retreat furnishes a rickety commentary on his previous self-confidence.

## Dunn Browne in Dixie.

LIBBY PRISON,  
Richmond, Va., May 9.

There is nothing so likely to secure an observer from prejudice and false views and representations of things as to take a fair look at both sides before giving his final opinion upon any question. Your correspondent accordingly, having taken a look at the side of the great rebellion from the northern side, has now crossed the frontier and is making observations, with his usual philosophical impartiality, upon the southern side of the secession monsters. His opportunity for this unbiased and impartial view of things came to him on this wise. He was acting on the staff of a general of brigade last Sabbath morning in the thick of the battle about Chancellorsville. Things were in a decidedly mixed condition. The splendid semi-circular line of battle of Gen. Hooker had been broken the night before (Saturday, May 2) by the disgraceful failure of the 11th and 12th army corps to maintain their entrenched position, although attacked by a greatly inferior force of the enemy. Our brigade, the 1st in French's division, in the early Sabbath morning, was ordered to leave its position, in rifle-pits pretty well over to the left of our line, and cross over the plank road towards the right to recover the ground, a portion of it, lost the night before. Our boys charged in splendid style through a thick of tangled wood for half a mile or more, driving the enemy before them like chaff, saving many, taking some prisoners and fairly running over some and leaving them in their rear. Indeed, they charged with too much impetuosity and advanced so far they were not properly supported on the flanks and were exposed to an enfilading fire of artillery as well as musketry. To halt our line and form it anew a little further to the rear of the woods, I was sent forward by the general, together with a fine young friend, one of his aids, both on foot, as our horses were left behind as utterly impracticable in that thicket of undergrowth. We had separated, he to the right, and I to the left, delivered our order to the colonels and assisted in executing it in the midst of a fire, the most diabolical that my eyes have yet witnessed from front and rear (our own artillery from behind the wood occasionally dropped a shell among us) and both flanks. From at least 64 different points of compass I should say, and then I hastened to retrace my steps to the general.

I was hindered some little time, in picking up prisoners (whom I didn't like to leave with arms in their hand in the rear of our line). I would disarm and put them in squads of three or four in the charge of some one of our slightly wounded men, first seeing that his gun was loaded and capped, and then on again till I had picked up some twenty or more of the "butternuts." Had a couple of fellows on my hands and some of my own men in sight and was hurrying them forward by the persuasion of a cowed revolver, expected every moment to come upon our general, when all at once passing through a large body of the undergrowth, I found myself face to face, at not twelve feet distance, with at least a whole regiment of the brownest and most ill-looking vagabonds that I ever set eyes on, every one of them with a gun in his hand, and were that moment rising up from behind a long line of rifle-pits they had taken from us the night before.

Here was a fix for an amiable and well disposed correspondent of yours, who had traveled some and ought to have known better to get himself into it. Here was a big mouthful to swallow for a belated patriot, intent on squelching the rebellion, who had just got his blood up, hadn't been fighting more than an hour, and was bound to distinguish himself before night. Here was a capital chance for a man who had just got his hand in the business of capturing prisoners to put a thousand or fifteen hundred more in his bag—if they would only let him. The undersigned is compelled to acknowledge that in this one instance he found the situation too much for him. He had drawn a mighty big elephant in a lottery and didn't know what to do with him. One of the impudent wretches he had captured a few minutes before turned around with a grin and says, "Cap'n, I reckon things is different from the way they was, and you'll hev to 'low the 12th Indiana rifle." The hard-hearted fellow didn't seem to care a fig for the misfortune, and only laughed when I told them my story. I was courteously treated and sent at once to the rear, minus my pistol and sword (the loss of which I the more regretted, as it was not the purchase of money but the gift of a friend), and so hath ended ingloriously, for the present, my military service.

The transition from the fierce excitement of battle to the quiet stillness of my walk near a mile from the woods with my guard, was so great that I could hardly realize it. It seemed the flitting of a vision, the flash of a dream. The roar of the cannonade and rattle of the musketry sounded far away to me, and I was like a boy rambling with a friend in the forest of a summer morning. Not for long though could the horrid sights and sounds of battle be put away from one's thoughts. We soon came upon other portions of the bloody field and had to pick our steps among mangled bodies of friend and foe, past men without limbs and limbs without men, now seeing a group of surgeons and assistants operating on the wounded under a tree and now passing a group of ambulances carrying on a stretcher some groaning sufferer. Occasionally a wounded horse struggling in his death-agony would kick at us, and occasionally a wounded seer would mutter a curse as he saw the "d-d Yankee" pass. And in a little time we were in the rear, and I was turned over to the care of the provost marshal, into a crowd of 1700 captured "Yankees" about to be marched in the broiling sun, without a mouthful to eat, save the few who had their haversacks and rations with them, to Spottsylvania Court House, about 10 miles distant. Never did that nice black horse I drew a few weeks ago from provident Uncle Sam seem a more desirable underpinning to my weary feet, than the horse that now that I could only remember him left in the eyes of that fatal day. Yours, forlornly and in bonds, but yet a "prisoner of hope." DUNN BROWNE.

Vallandigham, showed some shrewdness when he appealed to time, instead of eternity.

## General Stoughton.

We have seen it stated in several papers of late that Gen. Stoughton is again to have a command in the army. It is said that he is exculpated by the commander of the department in which he was serving of all blame in the unfortunate occurrence of his capture. If he was not in fault we have the right to ask who was, and to demand that the culprit, whoever he be, shall be made known and receive the deserved punishment. That somebody was to blame is too evident to admit of a question. Let us know who it was. But we can hardly believe that Gen. Stoughton is free from blame. He ought to have known better than to have exposed himself as he did. Moreover he was reminded of his danger, not only by men in the military service, but also by civilians. He was told that some night the enemy would come along and "gobble him up." But he gave no heed to these warnings. And as the case now stands, he not having been confirmed as brigadier by the Senate, and having lost the confidence and respect of a large portion of our troops, and considered by many of the citizens of Vermont as unworthy to have a command in the army, we cannot believe that the war department will be so short-sighted and unwise as to re-instate him—at least for the present.

We have men enough for all the brigadiers that Vermont is entitled to, whose hearty devotion to the cause has never been questioned, whose military ability has been well tested, whose moral character and influence are of the right stamp, whom the soldiers respect, and in whom the people of Vermont have confidence. Let those, and those only, who have proved themselves worthy, be promoted to places of responsibility and trust. Justice to individuals demands this, and the public good demands it. Let the "powers that be" see to it that justice and the public weal do not suffer at their hands.—Brattleboro Phoenix.

Scenes on the Battle-Field.

[From the supplemental correspondence of the Herald, descriptive of the battles near Chancellorsville, we take the following.]

Many sad scenes were there witnessed among those sufferers, for the night had been extremely cold. Among the sad accidents of camp may be mentioned those of Moses C. Warren, the drummer boy, in company A, 20th Maine. On Wednesday, about noon, he was standing before the fire heating coffee, when, taking an old musket, he commenced to poke the burning embers together, when the barrel exploded, shattering both hands. He was immediately carried to the hospital, and, after both hands had been amputated at the wrists and the bandages applied, he got covered from the stupor of chloroform, and, looking at the bandaged arms, slowly raised them up and kissed them, saying at the same time, "I shall never drum any more." He was quite a sprightly lad, about fifteen years of age, and a great pet with his company.

WHO OBTAINED GENERAL FRENCH'S RIFLE? Speaking of presentations "reminds me," as the President says, that shortly after the Maryland campaign, Messrs. Merrill, Thomas & Co. of Baltimore, forwarded to Gen. French a magnificent rifle, to be presented to the bravest man in his command. Gen. F. selected, after the battle of Fredericksburg, the color bearer of the fourteenth Indiana regiment, who had bravely carried the colors through-out that battle, and by his coolness and intrepidity earned high commendation. This has since been the idol of the regiment, and would be defended with as much tenacity as their flag.

IT WAS USED TO ADVANTAGE. On Sunday afternoon a rebel sharpshooter posted himself in a tree, and commencing firing at Col. Carroll's headquarters, much to the discomfort of those about it. The "Fourteenth Indiana rifle" was sent for, and the color sergeant made his appearance with his examining surgeon, Dr. Dexter, came along and looked at the condition of the sufferer, expressing his hopeless belief as to the recovery of the man to his assistant, he raised his head and said—"Doctor, will I recover; is there any hope for me? for, if not, I want you to kill me." The surgeon tried to calm him, and he appeared to drop into a doze. In a few moments he took a revolver from his pocket, placed it resting against his temple, and fired; being so feeble he could not hold it firmly, and the ball just glanced over the skin without starting blood, but the discharge blackened his face. The pistol was immediately taken from him, when he said—"I do not want to linger in pain without a hope." In half an hour he was dead. And so we could go on relating many such circumstances.

CAUSES OF THE DECAY OF THE TEETH. The frequency with which teeth decay and are lost, and the intimate relation existing between these organs and the general health, should render a knowledge of the causes of this decay, a matter of deep interest to every individual. None are exempt from it, and few indeed seem to escape it wholly.

Many theories were formerly advanced to account for the decay of the teeth; but only until within the last fifty years have the real causes been understood. To enable the reader better to understand this subject, we will, so far as is necessary for our present purpose, and in as few words as possible, describe the general structure of the teeth, and the agents that operate to produce their decay.

DENTINE. The inner portion of the hard structure of a tooth is called dentine,—a substance containing more lime, and much harder than the other bones of the body. It is composed of about 72 parts mineral matter (69 of which are lime), to 28 parts animal matter. These proportions vary somewhat in different individuals, and like all the other body structures, grow harder by an increase of mineral, and corresponding decrease of animal matter, as the individual grows older.

ENAMEL. As the tooth stands in the mouth, the enamel is the only portion of it exposed to view. It serves to cover and protect the dentine. It is composed of 99 parts mineral, (94 of which are lime), to 1 part animal matter, and is the hardest of all structures in the animal economy.

With this statement of the composition of the teeth, the reader will more readily appreciate the correctness of the conclusion, when we say that all good dentists, and writers upon this subject, now consider causes of the teeth to be the result of external corrosive agents, acting upon and dissolving, or eating out, the earthly portion of their structure.

These agents consist mainly of acids, taken into the mouth as medicinal agents, or for pleasure—or originating in a vitiated state of the secretions of the mouth, resulting from an impaired condition of the general health—or from the decomposition of particles of food lodged between and around the teeth.

Such being the cause of decay, the means necessary to be used to prevent it, are apparent. If the secretions of the mouth are vitiated, this condition should be corrected by proper medical treatment of the general health. The administration of medical agents containing acids, should, if possible, be followed by a cleansing of the teeth, and rinsing of the mouth with a properly prepared alkaline solution. But the great and almost universal cause of decay of teeth, is want of cleanliness. The teeth should be kept clean—absolutely clean—as a preventive of their decay and loss, and of large bills with the dentist.

We do not mean to say that attention to these matters will in all cases secure exemption from decay. For, as people must eat and drink, and in seasons of sickness or disability, take nourishment into their mouths injurious to the teeth, and as some have defective or imperfectly organized teeth, it would be impossible in every case to prevent, entirely, decay at certain vulnerable points. Still, it is true, that a prompt and careful attention to cleansing the teeth after each meal, or as often as anything deleterious is taken into the mouth, would go far, in most cases, to secure freedom from decay, and indemnity against their loss.

We shall endeavor hereafter to point out to our readers the means necessary to be used to keep the teeth clean, and also why it is that some teeth are more liable to decay than others.—Dental Journal.

Eleven Days in Richmond.

The confederate soldier cannot be described, for to two look alike. Frank Leslie and Harper never caricatured him—that cannot be done. They do not hold their heads up as our men are taught to do, but amble along with a dogged look. They are a puzzle. I cannot understand exactly what their feelings are. They say nothing, never laugh, and yield absolute submission to their officers. Whether this is the passiveness of a great dread, purpose, which they feel so deeply, or whether they are deficient in spirit and independence, and submit to a superior will accordingly, I hardly know. Our army would not hold together three days with rebel fare, yet these men, from some cause, will fight for thirty years on just such rations. Their officers laugh at the idea of ever again living in the Union. A Georgia major repeated to me the stale declaration that if a thank sheet were offered to write terms of reunion, they would spit upon it. He said they expected nothing but a long and exhausting war—they were prepared for it (in their hearts I suppose he meant). He said that at one time they expected much from Vallandigham, the Woods, Seymour, &c., but now they had no more respect for them than for the abolitionists, and wanted nothing more to do with them, for their reliance on a division in the North was gone. Our conversation consisted mainly of questions and answers, with now and then a gratuitous opinion thrown in. The major was anxious to know if the northern people feel as the northern soldiers do. After the major had ridden away, a confederate private stepped up and asked me this question: "What do you 'uns come down here to fight we 'uns for?"

Our treatment in Richmond was very different from that received at the front. Here were a great number of "feather-bed" officers and soldiers, whose insolence and vanity I never saw equalled. The streets were crowded to see us pass down to prison. Old gentlemen rubbed their hands and smiled; small boys asked us about the Illinois ape; and young ladies tossed their heads in exquisite disdain, at the same time smiling inly on some confederate uniform. One terrible little man in gold lace brocade, "An. Yankees, you have got to Richmond at last, have you?" "Yes," said a big hoarse, "but none o' you d-d home jags brought us here." The upstart was very busy lighting his cigar immediately after this remark. Three hundred and thirty-five prisoners were crowded into a single room of Libby prison; the weather was intensely hot, and the stench and misery of the place first insupportable. Over 400 were put into this room on the first day, but they could not lie down or breathe, and one hundred had to be taken out. The room was about 60 feet by 40. We were fed on half rations—at no time did the men get enough to satisfy their hunger. They would no doubt have given us more if they had it.

Tuesday, the 12th, was a gloomy day in Richmond. All the dignitaries of Capitol square attended the funeral of Gen. Jackson. President Davis and vice president Stephens joined the procession in a carriage. The hearse bore four mourning plumes and was drawn by four white horses. All minute guns were fired. The grief of the people was intense. The ladies kissed Jackson's coffin. No man in the rebel army, excepting Lee, would be missed so much—even president Davis would not be mourned so deeply as was Gen. F. Jackson.

On the 13th we were paroled, marched out of prison, and formed in column on Cary street. Here an interesting scene ensued. The prisoners were hungry and clamorous for bread. The poor women and boys who peddled on the streets had filled their baskets and were determined to sell to us, all being eager to get our greenbacks. An order had been issued that no bread should be sold to Federal prisoners, and a lively time the brave confederates had in chasing the little boys and old women from the street. The prisoners flourished their greenbacks and broke out of the line, the bread boys flourished their loaves and broke into it, while many a scuffle occurred between them and the guard. A dollar in Federal or three dollars in confederate currency would buy a small loaf. A jack-knife worth fifty cents brings five or six dollars in Richmond, and the morning papers sell for a quarter. Yet these prices do not indicate a proportionate scarcity of articles. With their style of currency,

flour may sell at fifty dollars a barrel and yet be plenty.—From a Union soldier taken Prisoner at Fredericksburg.

## The True Soldier's Exemplar.

"I send you," wrote Nelson, "my plan of attack, but it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment for carrying them into effect. We can, my dear Coll., have no little jealousies. We have only one great object in view; that of annihilating our enemies, and getting a glorious peace for our country." These words of a British Admiral, almost sixty years ago, might have been said, ought to be felt, by every Federal General, this blessed evening. But hear the rest. Collingwood, before the battle of Trafalgar, had come on board the "Victory" to hold a final conference.

"Coll," said Nelson, "where is your captain?" "The fact is," answered Collingwood, "we are not on good terms with each other." "Terms!" exclaimed Nelson; "not on good terms with each other! I'll soon arrange that."

Accordingly a boat was dispatched to the "Royal Sovereign," and the Captain was brought on board the "Victory." As soon as he reached the deck, Nelson led him to Collingwood.

"Look," said Nelson, "yonder is the enemy!" "Yes," they both replied.

"Well," he added, "shake hands like Englishmen."

Need we say those two men had no mist of that day but France and Spain? May we say, that the soldiers of our eighteen Federal armies should only need to look in a rebels face to be brothers-in-arms, self-forgetting, earnest, ardent every one?

## A New Method of Divorce.

In Berne, they have a novel method of dealing with matrimonial disputants. Divorces are freely granted; but first the applicants must go through the following test: A small room was prepared, in which husband and wife were put—the door being then closed, to remain for six weeks, except it should be set in motion at the urgent and united request of the wedded pair. There were in the room one stool, one plate, one spoon, a unity of all the requisites, and the solitary bed was of such dimensions that, if they choose to use it together, they must lie very close. Of one thing, and one only, there was a duplicate; and that was a little treatise on the duties of husbands and wives toward each other. No visitor was permitted to go near them; and they had only a glimpse at intervals of the grim face of the janitor as he pushed their food through a hole in the door. The bishop states that the test was attended with the most wholesome results. In most cases, the parties were excellent friends in a few days; and very few could stand out for more than a fortnight. Another very gratifying circumstance was, that they had scarcely on record a case in which a second application was made by persons who had already gone through the ordeal.—Bishop Barne.

## Four Good Doctors.

I am a temperance man, says Wm. Howitt, "because I have seen and felt the good of it. If I had lived as many literary men do, kept late hours, passed evening after evening in hot, crowded rooms, sat over the bottle at supper; in short had 'jollified' as they call it, I should have been dead long ago." For my part seeing the victims of fast life, daily falling around me, I willingly abandon the temporary advantages of life, preferring the enjoyment of a sound mind in a sound body, and the blessings of a quiet domestic life.

## Great Haul of Blockade Runners.

The navy department is advised that the steamer R. R. Cuyler on the 6th inst. captured the Mobile, while attempting to run the blockade, the steamer Eugene. She is a new side wheel vessel, very fast, 100 tons burden, and was fitted out in New York several weeks since. She sailed through Havana via Nassau for the purpose, it was supposed, of loading with arms and ammunition.

The supply steamer Union, while on her way to New York, captured the English steamer Linnet, with an assorted contraband cargo.

The gunboat Kanawha, on the 1st inst., captured the steamer Dart, while trying to run the blockade of Mobile with an assorted cargo. The same vessel captured the steamer Clara on the 25th ult.

The U. S. schooner Richard Brame captured the schooner Nymph at Pas Cabello, Texas, on the 22d ult. She was loaded with coffee, medicines, dry goods, shoes, &c.

The sloops Angeline, Albatross, and the schooner Maria Bishop, all from Charleston for Nassau, with cotton were captured on the 16th and 17th insts.